



The SUN in the Sign of Libra; or, The BALLANCE.

1. Monsieur de LUXENBURGH to Lewis the XIVth.

GREAT Sir, since *Namur* is Reduc'd, you may find
How the Weightier Scale to our Side is inclin'd;
'Tis true, your Fleet's lost, but you've gotten *Namur*,
Which will make the Scales even at least to be sure.

2. LEWIS the XIVth.

Ah! Dear Hump, your Compliment's fulsome and silly!
Namur can't make up for our Loss, I must tell you:
We'll dissemble however, and put a good face on't;
Though, between you and I, I can hardly be patient.
For Thirty long years, while our Neighbours were sleeping,
We advanc'd the *Marine*, and grew dreadful in Shipping:
But 'tis gone in a blast, should my Subjects but know all,
They'd Rebel in a moment, and soon overthrow all.
My Treasury's drain'd, and I have beggar'd the Nation,
My Parliament's Term-time's as bad as Vacation;
That the Peasants I've robb'd of their Food, is no news,
The Wretches for Rye Bread, pawn their Wooden Shoes.
And with a hard shift, my Grantees, turn'd Commanders,
Can scrape a few Crowns to Equip 'em for *Flanders*.
I've Tax'd Judge, Bum-bailiff, Attorney and Proctor,
And Barber, and Butcher, and Cobler, and Doctor.
I've e'en laid a Tax on the Tapster and his Pot,
On the Horser's Half-peck, and the Chamberlain's Piss-pot.
Not a Wench at *Pont-neuf*, nor a Punk at *Versaille*
But is willingly tax'd for the lease of her Tail.
I have pillag'd the *Mast*, and the Priests with their Altars,
And instead of good Plate, have bequeath'd them good Halters.
What a Pox can I more? Why did the Bitch Fortune
Leave me thus in the lurch, like a Jade to come short home?
Ah *Jernie*! why to fight sent I out my Armadoes?
Had they play'd still at Bow-peep, our Rodomontadoes
Might have serv'd to excuse us; but now by a damn'd Chance
The Rogues have swing'd off poor *Tourville* with a vengeance.

Now those damn'd fighting Rascals have got me i'th' wind,
I must sink all at once both in body and mind.
Go, *Luxembourg*, tell *Maintenon* I must leave her,
And be ty'd to my Bed for a month with a Fever.

3. Madam de M^{te}NTENON.

Come, Cheer up, Dear Sir, 've got *England's Infants*
To help at a dead lift, and can't we want a
Sure Card at our need; the *Sunder* of *Namur*
Makes your little Couz and his *Lies* the tamer.
I dare venture that adding the Child to the Town,
'Twill soon turn the Scale, and bring it quite down.

LEWIS the XIVth.

In vain, my dear Camper, my Grief thou wouldst flatter;
Morbleu! What's all this silly stuff to the matter?
Can the *Balance* be poiz'd by a helpless Young Bastard,
When the *Turk*, my good Brother and Friend has been master'd?
Let the Devil assist, let him tug too, and sweat for't,
And a Million or two of kind Curses repeat for't;
Still my Scale would be lightest; nay, I'de kiss the Book on't,
I should quickly run mad, should I venture to look on't.
Then, Old Girl, let's away, you and I'll have a Touch for't:
Tho' our case is but bad, we'll grieve not too much for't.

In your Arms will I lye,
Where no Rebel can spy;
And in Tempests of Pleasures and Kisses I'll dye:
So kill'd and so pleas'd,
My sad heart may be eas'd,
And the Devil that reigns in my bosom appeas'd.

4. Admiral RUSSEL.

See there our wond'rous Conqueror
By Policy's Infernal Power!

None breaks the Publick Peace but He,
Yet he would fain be thought its *Guarantee*.
See his Visage disturb'd, and his Face Melancholick,
For the pitiful Close of his Admiral's Frolick.
The Defeat of his Fleet, quite confounded his Master;
Nor can *Maintenon's* Art give the Mischief a Plaister.
Thus *Louis le Grand* is a Conqueror plain,
Who his Honour can sell, an Advantage to gain.

5. Admiral ALLEMONDE.

What a Coxcomb was he, that would try in the Scale
If his Conquests could more than his Losses avail?
He has taken *Namur*, true, the more was the pity:
And now values himself on a dear-purchas'd City.
But the Gay *Royal Sun*, with Two more, and his Second
Four Ships of more worth than *Namur* may be reckon'd.

6. General HEUSLER.

Should you want any Weight, on my Sword here I bring
Great Waradin, into the Balance to fling;
But I'll e'ne lay it by, for I see there's no need on't,
Our Advantage is plain, and the World is agreed on't:
Nay, let *Lewis* himself now determine our Plea;
We have Towns good as his, and are Masters at Sea.

LEWIS the XIVth.

Who are these here? ha! *Allemonde*, *Heusler*, and *Russel*?
What a Pox do they here, with their Fighting and Bustle?
How I Tremble and Sweat! Come, *Allons a Versailles*:
I'm as Stout as a *Mars*, within my Serail.
Your Battels I hate, but at home I can bluster;
Where a Bully in *Venus's* Camp may pass Muster.

EXIT *Lewis*.